
Title: Hell hath no fury.. Part 3

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"Where are the others?" Civ asked, while he stroked her snow-white hair. "I don't know." Shahrressa answered. The cavern was quiet. The Urban Knights had become separated by the horde. But judging by the trail of dead vermin, they assumed the others had headed down the tunnel to the west. Lylith Noir sheathed her sword and began to access the damage as she quietly tied a bandage around her arm. The dead lay all around her. What was left of her horse was laying beneath the carcass of a giant spider. Things looked grim. Then without warning, she was plunged into darkness. She groaned when she realized the magic that had enhanced her vision must have worn off. Feeling for her horse in the darkness, she rummaged around in the pack that was strapped to the saddle. "Ah, here it is," she whispered when she felt the small bottle. A magic elixir that would allow her to see even in total blackness. Fumbling the stopper out, she put the bottle to her

lips. Even as the
lichorich-tasting
liquid, entered her
system her eyes
began adjusting to the
darkness. She
regretted her action
immediately. Three
dozen rats
interspersed with
poisonous serpents
materialized out of the
darkness. The dark
haired waress had
only the time to pull
her sword from it's
sheath before they
were upon her.
Streath found himself
being driven back
across the bridge.
Turning, he quickly
urged his horse back
to the small island.
The Isle was barren,
except for a few
chests. Jumping from
his horse, he began
stacking them across
the path of the bridge.
Most were empty and
he had little trouble
adding to his
make-shift barrier.
By now the vermin
were screeching in
their frenzy to get
over his road block, he
didn't have much time.
The last chest, no
matter how hard he
tried couldn't be
budged. Curiosity
getting the better of
him, he wriggled his
fingers and green
sparks shot between
his hand and the lock,
popping the
mechinsiam. He
quickly slid it from
the latch and threw
back the lid. To his
surprise, a man
popped out of it. He
realized that the
reason he couldn't
move the chest was

because it was welded
in place over a hole in
the ground. In an
instant, four men
stood looking at him
with murder in their
eyes. "I am Oenix
Mageslayer," said the
first. "Welcome to
your worst
nightmare!"
"Not this day," he
shouted defiantly.
"Kal Ort Por!" and in a
wink he was safely
away.
Shahrressa and Civ
mounted their horses
and began to track
their guildmates.
Before long they came
to a cross-passage.
Three ways lay
before them. One
passage lay to the
north, stairs led down
a short ways to the
south, and the passage
continued on to the
west. "Let's take the
stairs" Civ decided.
Thry descended the
stairs and before too
long they heard a
bubble and creaking
noise, accompinied by
the stench of sulfur.
Rounding a corner,
dead scorpions and
snakes lay scattered
about. Peering across
a gloomy swamp,
"What is that over
there?" said Civ,
pointing at what
appeared to be a
gigantic rock. Shah
squinted for a
moment, then jerked
her head up in
surprise. "By the
Virtues, it's a dead
horse!" Putting heels
to mounts, Civ and
Shahrressa urged
their horses across
slimy cobblestones
toward the corpse. Civ

arrived first, and
Shah hearing his
curse asked, "What is
it?" "It's Wolf," he
replied. "Stay back."
Tossing the reins to
Shahrressa, Civ
jumped from his
horse and pulling a
small pouch from his
shirt, emptied the
contents into his hand;
a powdered mixture
of black pearl, garlic,
and gensing. Spreading
the powder evenly
over Wolfgang's body,
he began to chant
softly, "An Corp.. An
Corp" over and over.
With a flicker of light
Wolf took a great
shuddering breath and
sat up. Civ slid his
hand behind Wolf's
back and told him,
"Peace Wolfgang, hold
still a minute." Shah
sighed in relief and
quickly moved
forward to apply
bandages to his
wounds, while Wolf
regained his bearings.
After a moment Wolf
asked, "where is
everyone?"
"We don't know," Civ
replied. "You're the
first we've found."
Wolf frowned,
then, "We must find
the others, and then
find Shakti."
Moonknight crept
silently down the
passage, feeling his
way along the cold
stone wall. He had
long ago abandoned his
horse to the hordes of
vermin, and they had
seemed satisfied with
that offering.
Regardless, they no
longer followed him.
Suddenly Moon felt an
odd bump beneath his

hand and stopped.
Feeling it more
thoroughly, he
discovered it to be the
frame of a stone door
nearly flush with the
wall. He slowly
pushed the door
inward, and a low
rumble sounded as it
scraped along the
floor. Caustiously he
peered around the
thick stone door into a
small room. Sitting in
the middle was a
chair, and in the chair
was a mass of
unkempt brown hair,
covering the face of a
woman. Her scarlet
dress was torn, her
head slumped
forward, and her
hands tied behind her
back. Judging by the
number of burnt
orcish bodies against
the wall, he was
certain she hadn't
been tied up without a
fight. It was Shakti!
Pulling a dagger from
his boot, Moon quickly
began cutting the
bonds that held his
guildsister.
she groaned dizzily,
then growled low in
her throat, "Don't even
think about touching
me!" She tried to turn
around.
"Shhh sister," he said
in a soft voice. "It is I,
Moonknight.. we've
come to rescue you."
"Thank the heavens, I
thought you were one
of those retched orcs."
Moonknight chuckled
as he cut the last of
the cords holding her.
Shakti stood up and
rubbed her wrists,
while he quicked
looked her over. Her
dress was torn, She

needed a bath, but
aside from a bump on
her head.. she seemed
no worse for wear.
"Those orcs thought
they could best me,
but I knew you would
come." She said.
"where are the
others?" Putting her
hands on her hips she
surveyed the room.
"Eight of us came,"
Moon answered.
"Including Wolfgang,
but we were seperated
in the confussion.
Come, Lady.. let's get
out of here." he urged.
Ignoring him, Shakti
began rumageing
through a pile of cloth.
"where is it?" she
said to herself. "I'll
not leave without it!"
Not only did she make
no move to escape, but
she began to laugh
triumphantly as she
pounced on something
under a rotted table.
Moon was about to
question her sanity
when she turned to
him smiling, and he
saw what it was she'd
been hunting and
grinned. "I'm not going
anywhere without
this!" She said.